137 The savanna of the hinterland beyond the left bank of the river
241 is bounded on the north by this huge forest, in which many generations of Tapirapé Indians have found enough virgin growth to prepare annually new plots that provide them with an abundance of bananas, maize, peanuts, gourds, beans, manioc, yams, sweet potatoes, peppers, tobacco, and cotton. This forest, aside from being flooded
133 extensively even in the dry season, contains small streams flowing
312 on wide beds of clear sand, which offer the Indians cool, limpid
226 water for drinking and bathing, and abundant fish, large and small, that play an important part in their diet.

The only man-made trails that we know of so far in the vicinity
●487 of the Tapirapé River are the more or less deeply marked footpaths of the Tapirapé Indians. On the savanna, they are about 20 centimeters wide and follow the sinuous line involuntarily produced by human beings when they walk on flat ground. [97:51] We can verify this sinuosity, for example, on a long beach, when we attempt to reach a certain point directly and later look at the trail left by our feet. We notice that it meanders and thus differs from all animal tracks, those of the jaguar or water cavy as well as those of birds, which always run in a straight line unless they curve out deliberately.

To give an idea of a specific part of the river environs at a
114 specific time of year, I shall now describe my land journey toward the
133 north, from Porto Salvação to Tampũtána. I left on June 19, 1935, at 3:30 in the afternoon, carrying on my back the requisite sleeping and eating equipment. I walked at the rapid pace used by the local frontiersmen on long hikes, making about five kilometers an hour on flat, unobstructed ground. I went through dry grassland with a scatter-
[137] ing of medium-sized trees which sometimes stood dozens of meters apart. After a walk of nearly three hours, I reached Lake Tucunaré,
[103] so called because of its abundant fish of the same name which attract
[136] the Tapirapé Indians to the place every year. At the time of my passage, Lake Tucunaré was a slow and deep brook which I had to cross up to my waist in water. They say that it connects with the Tapirapé River during the rainy season. It is surrounded by trees, and the water is full of them. After wading through it, I reached a place on the shore where those Indians often set up their sleeping hammocks and
[136] where I spent the night. There were quite a few mosquitoes. The
[132] chief plague of the day, however, in spite of my deliberately late start, was the heat.

114 I left at 6:30 the following morning. Everything was wet with
133 dew. I skated over a stretch of black earth, damp and slippery
[132] ("soap"). I saw jaguar tracks. At eight o'clock, I reached a flooded
[134] forest strip which I had to ford. The same thing happened after walking another ten minutes. At ten o'clock I reached a traditional Tapirapé resting place located in a small patch of forest which contains fresh water. I rested there until four in the afternoon, and then set out again and waded through a swampy area. At 5:30 I reached
[136] dry scrub land where I was able to set up camp for the night. Before going to sleep, I heard frequent jaguar calls.

When I awoke on the twenty-first my clothes were soaked through with dew. I set out at six o'clock. Half an hour later, I was lost in a large and swampy muriti grove. At seven o'clock I reached dry scrub land, and at 9:15 the great forest. During the first 15 minutes of walking, the ground of the forest was more or less dry, but after that it became completely flooded. I walked for an hour and a half in water, which flowed in several places. At 11:30 [97:52] I
[241] found manioc in a brook. I then crossed four gardens separated from each other by strips of forest. At a quarter before one, I met four
[361] youths of the Tapirapé tribe, and half an hour later, still walking through the immense forest, I spotted in its midst the village of those Indians.

When I returned from the village to Porto Salvação on August 5
481 of the same year, I made the whole trip in a single day. I left at dawn with a Tapirapé youth. Although these Indians, as a rule, walk a little more slowly than the local Brazilian frontiersmen, their pace is still quite rapid and very even so that they proceed at the same speed through forest and grassland, and since they hardly stop to rest in the daytime, they may walk 40 or 50 kilometers a day.

On the way back, we took a different course through the forest.
133 The area we had gone through on the way out was still flooded. We
●487 walked on ground that was quite dry, making a wide curve to the west. We reached the grassland within two hours. In many areas the Indians
[241] had already burned the grass, and our feet and legs were free of that hindering growth which adds so much to the traveler's weariness. Once
[137] in a while, a fresh breeze blew upon us. We walked four hours through
[136] open grassland and scrub forest, with frequent glimpses of pairs of deer,
[484] until we reached the traditional Tapirapé resting place in the small patch of forest containing fresh water. There we found Reverend Kegel

133 and our camarada [Tr., guide or hired hand], as well as several
487 Indians, and we set out again after a brief rest.

Two hours later we crossed another body of water surrounded by trees. Since Reverend Kegel was taken with leg cramps and also had to vomit several times because he had drunk water too quickly, we stayed there for about two hours.

Then we set out again in a long file, one behind the other. The sun burned down, but fortunately there was a breeze from time to
[484] time. To make their return journey easier, the Indians set fire to all the grass they found. Suddenly, in an unburned patch of grassland, we saw a pair of spotted jaguars engaged in amorous play. My camarada Daniel shot at them with his gun. Both animals ran away, one of them bleeding. Daniel with the gun and two Indians with bow
[231] and club vainly ran after them. The two Tapirapé dogs who were with us behaved in rather sorry fashion. One of them jumped about a little and barked, while the other did not even find courage for that.

Two hours later we reached Lake Tucunaré, where we found
[136] numerous mosquitoes. It took us three or four hours to go from there to Porto Salvação, along an old Indian trail on very hard and hot ground.

[97:53] It took us, therefore, 13 or 14 hours to return from the village to the river, and this was more or less the time we spent walking on the way out.

Names of the River and its Tributaries

[Ed., one paragraph omitted.]

103 The Tapirapé Indians call the Tapirapé River aviohy (or aviuhy),
[301] which means "fluff water," hy being "water." They are very fond of
[237] the fluff of the jabiru, duck, and vulture for body ornamentation, and they find it chiefly on this river. [Ed., the remainder of the section in Vol. 97, pp. 53-54, is omitted.]

lay tree stumps and felled trunks (cf. Photo. 67). Only the village square had remained, up to a point, free from these obstructions. The trunks served as seats and, bit by bit, as firewood. They lay in such numbers over the vast area stretching between the houses and the edge of the forest, and were so entangled and ensnarled by their branches, that the imaginative Madame de la Falaise (196), who visited Tampiitaua on August 23, 1935, that is to say, shortly after my departure, went so far as to write the following: "We proceeded toward the village, where the tribe, for fear of armed aggression, has fortified the surroundings. The felled, tangled trees, the traps and ingenious obstacles, are discouraging. The boldest aggressor would break his neck long before he got the better of them" [translated from French].

In this respect, however, I must confess that the only serious obstacles I encountered daily on crossing the area in question were the products of the tribal digestive processes, for the supposed fortification held no role other than that of a huge toilet. [110: 192] I do not wish to determine whether such obstacles may be termed "ingenious," but I wish to emphasize that they did not discourage me. The truth is that the Tapirapé do not fortify their village in any way, and differ in this respect from the Tupinambá, who surrounded their villages (Jean Parmentier apud J.F. de Almeida Prado, 180; Hans Staden, p. 3; Gabriel Soares de Sousa, 366). The "traps and ingenious obstacles" mentioned above exist only in the imagination of the author. Even the act of placing sentries, a precaution referred to in Chapter 5, is strikingly inconsistent with the natural bent of the Tapirapé.

Toward the east a stream meandered, a few paces from the village. Its clear, fresh waters ran free of the thick forest for only a short stretch, which was used at the same time as bathroom and drinking fountain, and as a spot for fishing and for washing the sleeping hammocks. A well-beaten path led from it to the village plaza, skirting a plot of sugar cane to the left. According to what Reverend Kegel told me, this plot resulted from collective labor performed for Kamairahó. The latter had ruled on the site of the plot and concurrently on that of the village, which had been built later beside the communally prepared garden. It was, so to speak, a luxury plot, for it contained nothing but the sweet grass

648 carried out, would bring about the certain annihilation of this peaceful Tupi tribe" (Sociologia, Vol. 4, p. 407). In this respect, indeed, the Tapirapé are unlike the true masters of the Araguaia, namely, the Karajá, who have been in contact with the Whites for centuries and who have seemingly developed, at least to some extent, a certain physical and mental resistance to them.

The impracticality of settling the Tapirapé at the mouth of the river of the same name does not imply the abandonment of the Heloísa Alberto Torres post. This post is indispensable not only to protect the northern Karajá group that is settled there and the other groups living down the Araguaia, but also to control the entrance to the Tapirapé River.

As a location for the future protective post of the Tapirapé, I would suggest the spot on the left bank called Pôrto Frederico by the frontiersmen in memory of my traveling companion of 1935, a British missionary who built a shelter there. It is located on a steep bank half a league from São Domingos, the spot where the Dominicans from Conceição do Araguaia usually land on their apostolic journeys. It is the last place where it is possible to moor a boat on the navigable stretch, for there is a waterfall not far above it. Here the trail begins, [487] perhaps several centuries old, that connects the river with the great forest inhabited by the Tapirapé from distant times, the edge of which may be reached in one day on foot or horseback during the dry season. A canoe with a motor at the stern takes two days, traveling from morning to nightfall, from Pôrto Frederico down to the mouth of the river, and usually takes no longer going up since the current is weak. Pôrto Velho is reached similarly in one day.

Apparently, Mr. Lucio Penna da Luz also noticed the advantages of Pôrto Frederico. When we arrived there on July 17, 1947, we found two families of vaqueros who had arrived on the previous day. On the orders of that rancher, they had already erected the framework of their future dwelling and they were preparing palm leaves to cover it. They explained that they had come to set up a ranch on these lands, and that their master intended to establish yet another one up-river, so that the entire margin of the Tapirapé River which has belonged so far to the Indians of the same name would now be occupied.

An Indian post established at Pôrto Frederico or its vicinity would not serve only to guard the territory set aside for the Tapirapé and to

5: Krause--26 E-5 (1908) 1911 SP9 Caraja SP9
Tapirape SP22
C
225

Ill. 6. Tortoise cages of the Karajá. Tapirapé River.
(Drawn from a photograph.)
/Ill. 6 appears on p. 119./

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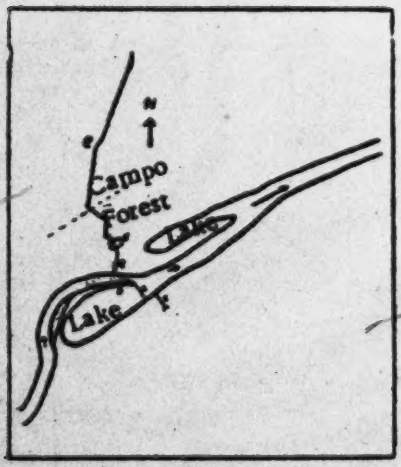

a: Fish fence
b: Sandbank
c: Path to the place where trees are felled.
d: Roasting place.
e: Path to the roasting place and to the villages.

Ill. 7.
Sketch map of the fish-lakes in the Tapirapé River.
/Ill. 7 appears on p. 122./

/406 cont./

On the campo path from the first roasting place, which was later joined by the second coming from the left, we reached a large village on the second day of the land march, two smaller villages on the third day, all three abandoned and in utter ruins. Water was not to be found on the campo on which the villages were located; the swamps and brooks to which paths led were dried out and, when excavated, in part to a depth of one meter, did not even yield moist earth, to say nothing of water.

On the basis of the discoveries and observations that I made at these places, I formed the following opinion. The tribe lives on the high campo that extends from the southern bend of the Tapirapé to the north as far as the high mountains (or plateau borders) that enclose it in the north and west. In front of these borders there extends a tremendous trough, apparently the source region of the Tapirapé, which from there flows around out of the high campo in the west and south, then turns off to the northeast. /407/ Here, approximately 130 kilometers due west from the Tapirapé mouth, the tribe lives in one large and two smaller villages during the rainy season. The large village seemed to have had three to four houses; the second, smaller one, two to three; the third perhaps the same number. The houses were in such a state of ruin that their construction was no longer recognizable; apparently they were large rectangular buildings with a pointed gable roof. The villages lie close to the large forest area that accompanies the trough in front of the mountains. All around in smaller troughs extend large swamps to which brooks lead. During the dry season these water areas dry up completely, so that even holes up to a meter deep in the brook bed do not yield moist earth. As a result, the Indians are compelled to migrate to water areas, and apparently they then first seek the upper Tapirapé. In former times they seem to have come farther downstream to a certain place where they met the Karajá, who extended their fishing expeditions this far, and traded with them. This trading place lies about 30 kilometers southeast of the first village (34 kilometers from the second and third). As a result of the conflicts with the Karajá, they now avoid this

/407 cont./

region and come to the river farther upstream, before it turns toward the northeast. Here, by means of poisonous cipo, they fish successive lakes blocked off by fences. They seem to travel from upstream downward, for the upper roasting place showed only a few new beams among very old ones, whereas the lower one was apparently quite recently built. This lower one, beside which they fished from the middle to the end of August 1908, lies about 16 kilometers south-southwest of the first village (24 kilometers from the second and third). The well-worn paths that go from the two roasting places, join, and lead by way of the first village to the other two, seem to indicate that the Indians visit this spot annually. Where they go from here I was unable to find out; perhaps they went across the Tapirapé to the south. In any case a campo lake abounding in fish, several kilometers away from the trading place, showed no traces of human beings.

These people seem to be very numerous. The number of houses is small, to be sure, but their dimensions seemed to be quite considerable. The 26 huge grills at the first roasting place and 10-15 at the second, the sandbanks completely trodden down with footprints beside the first fish lake, certainly lead one to conclude that there is a large crowd of people. Sleeping is apparently done in hammocks. This is indicated first by the net coverings that the Karajá buy from them, and then by the complete absence of sleeping places beside the roasting place, which was certainly used for many days.

Besides manioc (according to the account of the Karajá), these people also plant maize, as is indicated by many, partly charred corncobs at the roasting place. As domestic animals they keep dogs, the traces of which were numerous on the sandbanks. It may surely be assumed that they devote themselves to hunting. The campo is extremely rich in deer, the forests in wild pigs. Certainly they will not forgo these sources of meat.

In addition, fishing is practiced on a large scale through poisoning the /408/ /Ill. 267 appears here/ /409/ water of blocked-off lakes. We saw barrier poles everywhere in the territory of this tribe in front of lake outlets. The first lake that we came across was completely blocked off by a fence that was

[TEXT CONTINUES ON P. 344]

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940, 1953) 1964
SP22 Tapirape SP22

Champukwi of the Village of the Tapir

Champukwi sketched for me the stories of Petura, the Tapirapé ancestral hero who stole fire from the King Vulture, daylight from the night owl, *genipa* (used for dye) from the monkeys, and other items for the Tapirapé. However, he persuaded Maeumi, an elder famous for his knowledge of mythology, to relate the details although he himself helped considerably to clarify for me the meaning of native phrases and to make the stories told by Maeumi more fully understandable. Champukwi also forewarned me of events that I might want to witness, events that without his warning I might have missed. Such were the wrestling matches which took place upon the return of a hunting party between those men who went on the hunt and those who remained at home. He told me of a particularly handsome basket a man had made, which I might want to add to my collection for the Brazilian National Museum. He came to tell me that a young woman in a neighboring house was in labor, thus enabling me to get a photograph of the newborn infant being washed in the stream, and he urged the men to celebrate for my benefit a ceremony which might easily have been omitted. Champukwi was no longer merely an informant. He became a participant in ethnographic research although, of course, he never thought of it in these terms. He seemed somehow to understand the anthropologist's task in studying his culture, and in the process he gained considerable objectivity about his own way of life.

Yet it must be said that Champukwi did not seem to discredit the norms, institutions, and beliefs of his own people. Although he saw Valentim and me walk safely down the path through the forest late at night, he steadfastly refused to do the same; for the path was a favorite haunt of the lonely ghosts of deceased Tapirapé who might harm the living. He reasoned that the *tori* were probably immune to this danger. When he was ill, he took the pills we urged upon him but he also called in the shaman. His curiosity about airplanes, automobiles, and "gigantic canoes" (passenger boats) which he saw pictured in the magazines we had brought with us, was great; but he boasted that the Tapirapé could walk farther and faster than any *tori* or even the Caraja (who are a canoe people). In fact, his interest in, and enthusiasm for, certain Tapirapé activities seemed to be heightened by our presence. Almost all Tapirapé ceremonials involve choral singing and Champukwi was a singing leader of one of the sections of the men's societies. He was always pleased when